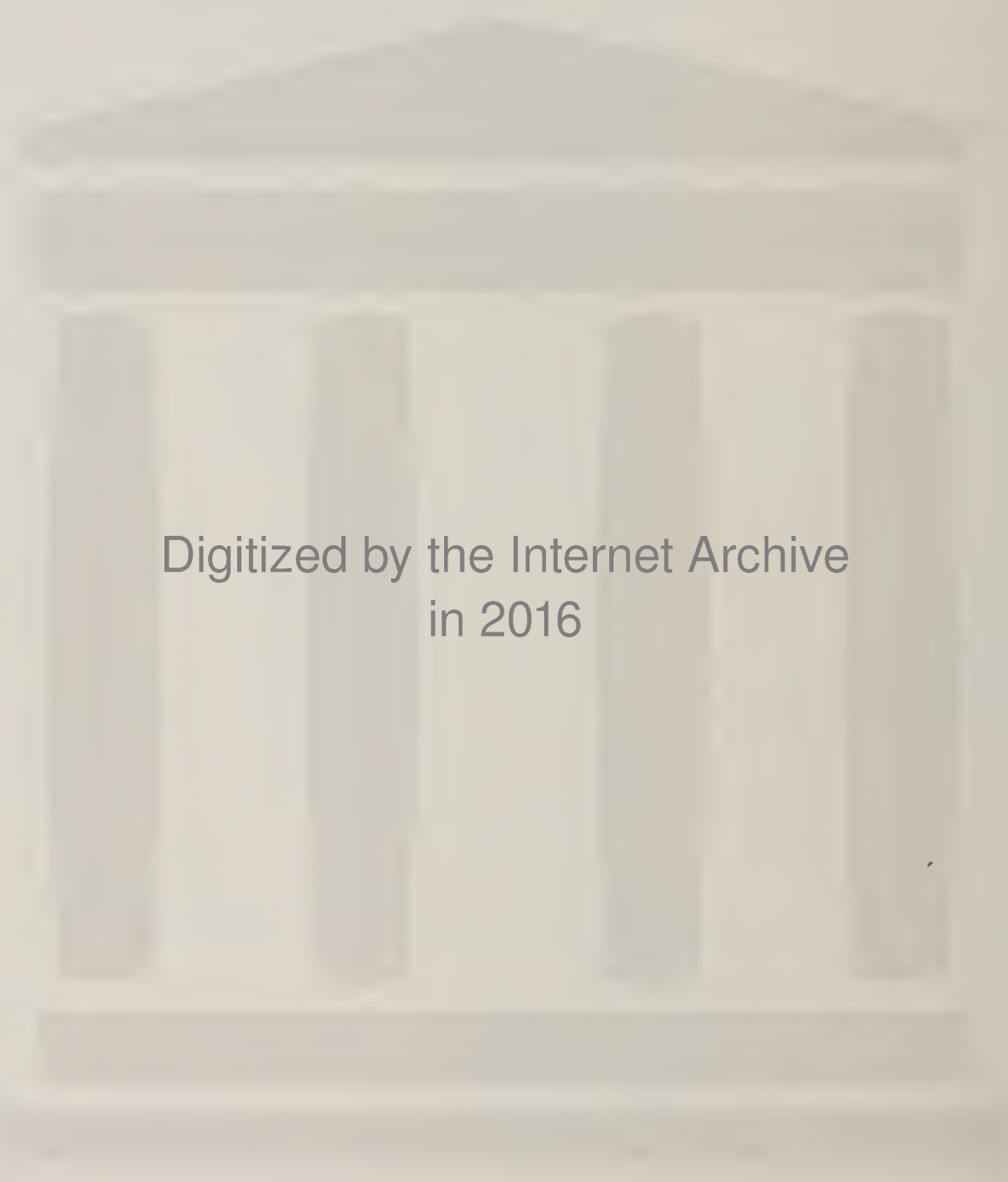






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BURR

LAFAYETTE FOOTBALL NUMBER

THE MAKING
OF
ONE SWEET
FULLBACK



A TIP!

BUY BURR

PREFERRED!

Only \$1.75 for the remaining six issues.

Send it to "her"!

Where does she live — East Orange, Paris, Montezuma, or Podunck Center?

Everybody is going BURR!

Fill in the blank —
EVENTUALLY — WHY NOT NOW?

To WILLIAM F. POWELL, JR., Circulation Manager,
Sigma Nu House, Bethlehem, Pa.

I am taking your tip. Enclosed find \$1.75 for the Burr, to:

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E. P. Wilbur Trust Co.

Fourth Street and Broadway

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Open Saturday Evenings, 6:30 to 8:30

"Let's drink a toast to Lafayette!"
 "Hey! what ya drinkin'? Orange blossom?"
 "No! Castor oil!"

"Darling," he cried in tender tones,
 "I never have loved but thee."
 "Then we must part," the maiden said,
 "No amateurs for me."

Flap: "Did they bury your old man when he died?"

Jack: "Naw; dey poured him back in de barrel." (Yale Record)

Passenger: "Oh, lookit! Airplanes dropping bombs."

Captain: "Say, Buddy, them's sea gulls."
 (Sour Owl)



brighten the corner where

YOU AREN'T

MIGHTY FEW parents are hard-boiled when they get to thinking about Sons who are away at College.

They may have found a lot of fault with you while you were around (and probably with good reason!), but just the same old Home Corner isn't half as bright as it used to be.

Absence has cast a sort of saintly glow about your august person!

We feel that your finer sensibilities will make you want to send some of that glow to the folks back home.

And we have provided a way for you to send some of it home, along with the more cheerful notes of your baritone voice.

It's only a matter of moments to home . . . by Telephone.

Just for fun . . . *call Home tonight.*



LEHIGH TELEPHONE COMPANY
 A Local Company Associated with the Bell System

Then: "What, no women? What kind of a party is this?"

Now: "What, no party? What kind of a woman is this?"—(Pointer)

A policeman brought a Scotchman and a Jew into court.

"What are the charges?" asked the judge.

"They're crazy, Your Honor," replied the officer. "The Scotchman was throwing pennies into the street, and the Jew was picking them up and handing them back to him."—(Wampus)

She said, "You naughty boy, go 'way!"

As she had said to many.

He said to her, "Go weigh yourself,"

And handed her a penny.—(Pelican)

"You should have seen the girl I spent last night with!"

"Bet she was nice."

"Boy, she was a dream!"—(Lord Jeff)



HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX

University Models are Authentic
They're styles set by the best dressed men in
the leading schools, as reported to
HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX
by their style scouts.

Wood & Doty

637 Hamilton Street

Allentown, Pa.

Johnny's Barber Shop

FOUR CHAIRS

(Next to Bethlehem Globe-Times)

DIETRICH'S

FRATERNITY

HEATING - PLUMBING

SHEET METAL WORK

McIlvain Oil Burners

15-17 WEST THIRD STREET
BETHLEHEM, PA.

Poetry from Our Typewriter
Fugy maped the smillig weps,
Wegy gad de woh,
Murgy sled nee boad nee fah
Slurzy anib dough.

Voice from Cellar: "It can't
be done. It can't be done."

Higher Up: "What can't be
done?"

V. f. C.: "Drink Canada Dry!"

Under the hanging mistletoe
The homely co-ed stands,
And stands, and stands, and
stands, and stands,
And stands, and stands, and
stands!

"I see you're a pledge."

"Oh no, that's gravy there."

If you're caught in a tight
squeeze, be nonchalant. It may
be a Lehigh man.

EARL H. GIER JEWELER

129 West Fourth St., Bethlehem, Pa.

(Next to Post Office)

Farr's

Custom-Built SHOES

Exclusive Agency for

"JOHNSTON & MURPHY"

"FORBUSH — SMITH"

"FOOT-JOY"

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BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA

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Abe: "Do you play golf vit knickers?"

Levi: "No, vit vite peoples only." (Juggler)

"I knew her when she only had one pair of teddies to her name."

"Yes, and I knew her ten years before that."
 (Sour Owl)

"So you're tired."

"Yes, I've been helping mother about the house."

"What! Is she drunk again?" (Froth)

"I have an etching."

"Why don't you scratch?" (Cajoler)

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY

Offers Four-Year Courses in

Arts and Science
 Business Administration
 Chemistry
 Chemical Engineering
 Civil Engineering
 Electrical Engineering
 Engineering Physics
 Industrial Engineering
 Mechanical Engineering
 Metallurgical Engineering
 Mining Engineering

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 Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa.

Our exclusive importations exhibited regularly at Lehigh by
 Mr. Dave Robbins.

THE *Arthur M. Rosenberg* CO.
 TAILORS

New Haven

New York

Nell: Any kick to Bill's kisses?
 Bell: I'll say, I have to wear
 Stabilizers!

"Two heads are better than one," quipped the smoothy, as he flipped the phoney coin.

Member American Telegraph Florist

Foulsham
 THE FLORIST



BRIGHTON STREET
 Bethlehem, Pa.

Caledonian Cal says: "Did you hear about the Scotchman whose little boy got a cinder in his eye—he made him stand over a coal bucket."

We have discovered at last the reason for having a yellow light in all traffic signals—it gives the Scotchman a chance to get his motor started.

"And you say you were a boy-scout?"
 "Yeh, did a good turn daily!"
 "Worms do turn, don't they?"

"I'd like ta get this 'n' off without a stumble," sez I as I took my foot out from under his. "Y' know what Maime done when she found her weddin' ring was brass?" "That's right, she got a free ride on the merry-go-round!"

(Watch out, folks, the stork is out!)

Compus: "I lost my girl—did you see her?"
 Mentus: "No, but I hear that all lost articles can be had at the Dean's office."

If all the letters that were written to "that summer sweetheart" were laid end to end, it would make an awful line!

The Burr, in a recent survey, has found that theater owners are suffering when they advertise 30% cooler than outside. The fact is that the Scotch, who inhabit these theaters, are taking their meat with them.

A Lehigh man and a Lafayette student were standing on the platform of the Jersey Central train as it pulled into the station. Looking across the river at Old South Mountain the Lehigh man saw the lights of the college and shouted, "Hurrah for Lehigh."

"Hurrah, hell," said the Lafayettian in disgust.
 "That's right," said the Lehigh man. "Every man for his own college."

College Humor's MONTHLY BULLETIN



Click!

THE show is on. The December issue takes a bow. A fast stepping, wise cracking performance, with your own Joe College or Carl Campus as master of ceremonies.

A last minute news reel, with its college spotlights, a splendid picture of the University of Nebraska, smart styles. . . . The feature begins. **COLOSSUS**, by Holworthy Hall, illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg, a glamorous novel of college life, featuring a man and three girls; sophisticated things by Eric Hatch and Katharine Brush follow. . . . Short subjects covering modernistic furnishings for fraternity and sorority houses, and all the varied interests of today's college crowd.



College Humor's Outboard Races will be inaugurated next spring. Is your college interested in staging one of these colorful regattas and water carnivals? Complete details will appear in our January issue. Perhaps you have heard that College Humor is presenting a number of Gruen Paladin watches to individuals achieving marked success in the college field. Coach Bob Zuppke of Illinois, whose teams have won two consecutive football championships, was the first to be honored.

And, by the way, College Humor has a new sports editor—Les Gage, formerly director of publicity of the University of Wisconsin, and one of her foremost athletes.



BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY

General Offices: BETHLEHEM, PA.

IRON AND STEEL PRODUCTS

PLANTS AT

Bethlehem, Lebanon, Steelton, Johnstown and Coatesville, Penna.
Wilmington, Del., Sparrows Point, Md., and Lackawanna, N. Y.

She: "Who's that on the
stretcher?"

He: "Oh, just another broken
field runner!"—(Virginia Reel)

PASTORAL

Violets are green,
Roses are pink
Immediately after
The thirteenth drink.
(Virginia Reel)

SHOOT THE DIME!

"Here's a cigar. You two boys
can flip for it."

"Give it to him. I'm no acro-
bat."—(Brown Jug)

AND IT'S C. O. D.

"I want you to marry us, par-
son, and this is the little girl who
is to be my wife."

"Very glad to mate you."
(Life)

LEHIGH NEWS AGENCY

SAMUEL WILSON, Prop.

Wholesalers of

Magazines - Newspapers - Novelties

NEW ST., NEAR FOURTH

Exclusive Distributors of The Lehigh Burr
in Bethlehem

THE LEHIGH BURR

is sold in Pittsburgh, Newark, N. J., New York
City and Philadelphia. Also at the fol-
lowing stores and newsstands:

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Lehigh Supply Bureau
Lehigh News Agency, 329 South New Street
J. W. Britton, 533 Main Street
E. F. Frantz, 1035 Linden Street
Gallagher Drug Store, 602 West Broad Street
Ruth's Chocolate Shop
O. C. Schaffer, 801 Main Street
Lehigh Valley Railroad Station
Young's Drug Store, 4th Street and Broadway
United Cigar Store, Fourth and New Streets
E. A. Lanahan, 353 Broadway
Max's Smoke Shop, 119 West Fourth Street
Snyder's Drug Store, Fourth and New Streets
Lehigh Smoke Shop, 304 Broadway
United Cigar Store, Third and New Streets

Single Copies, Thirty Cents

Drawing Prof.: "Have you
finished making your map?"

Certain Party: "No, dear; I
can't find my compact."

(West Point Pointer)

"Is she very pretty?"

"Pretty! Say, when she gets
on a street car the advertising
is a total loss."—(Smith-Helm)

"Who was buried in Grant's
tomb?"

"Dunno, but wasn't it the
same guy that was President
during Grant's administration?"

(Pointer)

Dane: "Aw, you poor Swede!"

Swede: "You should talk.
The only great Dane there ever
was, was a dog."

(Stevens Stone Mill)

The particular college man always insists on

"THE PUREST KIND"
ICE CREAM

You will find it most everywhere

— MADE BY —

MEYER DAIRY CORPORATION

10 West Goepp Street

Phone 3150

HAFNER MEAT COMPANY

Dealers in

CHOICE MEATS

FIVE POINTS

347 BROADWAY

Bethlehem (South Side), Pa.

For the Best in the Line of Meats
see the

HAFNER MEAT COMPANY

Special Rates to Fraternities

THE L. G. BALFOUR COMPANY

ATTLEBORO, MASSACHUSETTS

MANUFACTURERS OF

Badges	Fraternity Jewelry	Medals
Rings	Memorial Tablets	Cups
Favors	Emblem Insignia	Trophies
Programs	Athletic Figures	Medallions
Stationery	Door Plates	Plaques

"Known Wherever There Are Schools and Colleges"

Co-Edna: "I'm going for an auto ride with Ed."

Co-Edith: "For shame!"

Co-Edna: "Nope, just for fun."
(N. Y. Medley)

Them: "I wonder if they've got anything in the way of good seats?"

Those: "Don't be silly. If there was anything in the way of them, would they be good seats?"—(Stone Mill)

He: "I just heard of a girl who takes a shower and dresses in three minutes."

She: "Why, that isn't so wonderful!"

He: "I'd like to see you do it."
(Jack o' Lantern)

... A TOAST

To the collegeman who recognizes
good Shoes — and wears
them.

WETHERHOLD & METZGER

THE STORE OF
FAMOUS SHOES

719 Hamilton Street, Allentown, Pa.

X-ray Shoe Fitting Service
without extra charge

"Mabel's dress reminds me of
'The Saturday Evening Post'."

"How's that?"

"She runs a full-page cut advertisement for a frontispiece."
(Voo Doo)

Pi: "Florence has the biggest Hispano-Suiza I have ever seen."

Phi: "Yes, I know, and she will wear those tight dresses."
(Geo. Washington Ghost)

"Say, is your dog clever?"

"Clever! I should say so. When I say, 'Are you coming or aren't you?' he comes or he doesn't."—(Harvard Lampoon)

Merry Ooch says: "Football's a good game, but the referees receive most of the kicking."

The good old Absent Professor will never improve. The other day he waited for his stenographer to dictate to him, and when he got home kissed his wife.

"She was only a lawyer's daughter, but she wears them brief!"

Sott: "Drink this, it will put hair on your chest."

Not So Sott: "I'd rather rub it on if it's hair tonic."



"The old-grads are putting up with us during the Reunion."

"You mean we're putting up with them. They'll be decorating their breaths with everything they can lay hands on."

"They're 'holey a subject for Life Savers."

C. LEWIS HAGER
Custom Shirts Men's Wear

621 HAMILTON STREET
Allentown, Pa.

BILL HAGER, '23
Representative

PATRONIZE THE

**SUPPLY
BUREAU**

Immortality

My mind will not function;
Its scope is a blank.
My hand guides my pen;
Upon it I bank.

My eyes start to droop,
And all is forgotten;
I wearily labor —
No products begotten.

Now this is the cry
Of writers for ages;
But down into history
They go as the sages.

Here's to South America,
I like it a lot;
The food may be chili,
But the women are not.

Mabels hang out in the sunlight,
So do Margies, Mays and Hallies,
Mary pins hers in the bathroom,
But I wonder what's become of
Sally's.

FEATURING

COLLEGE CLOTHES

Meeting the Demand
and Particular Taste of
Good Dress

HESS BROTHERS
ALLENTOWN, PA.

TO
OUR
FOOTBALL
TEAM
BURRO
DEDICATES

- THE -

LAFAYETTE GAME
NUMBER

LEHIGH BURR

VOL. XXXX

NOVEMBER, 1929

NUMBER THREE

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Somebody said that they saw an alumnus on the campus! We must be drunk then, 'cause we're seein' 'em everywhere. They've got the same old line too, "Now we beat Lafayette when I played quarterback in '88." If that's so, there were ten backs to every team and hundreds of teams. By the alcoholic breeze drifting over the campus and stadium they must be having that "whooping" good time we've heard so much about. It's taken for granted though that the alumni know all the "places". In fact we understand that they have come back for the sole purpose of making a mess of the fraternity houses. Just look in Sunday night if you don't believe it. Then what about the horrid example they set for those dear little freshmen we took under our "wings". Racious noises, raccoon coats, rapid hiccoughs, and repeated reassurances that "things ain't

like they usta' be" must be annoying to anything, even the lowest form of animal life, or a freshman, for that matter. We expect to see an article in the papers any day now, "Packer Hall Blown Up As Match Is Struck Near Alumni." The explosive fumes came from a small group of "old-timers" on the corner of Fourth and New Sts. It's all right though, fellows, the alumni aren't so bad at that—we need money too!

Sixty-third Meeting—

Lafayette, we are here! Again we meet to renew the blood-thirsty feud of our ancestors. Again it is a battle to the end, a struggle until death. Again we both pray loudly to our gods to give us strength to conquer and utterly subdue our lowly neighbor. Likewise do we beseech whom it concerns that the warriors of the opposing force

break their legs, mash their fingers, crumple their collar-bones, and royally soil their cute little maroon or brown jerseys.

Again the stadium will stagger and sway under its huge load of humanity, broken gin bottles, and the sensuous fumes of the almighty Bethlehem Beer. Again the two pounding bands will shout at one another with rhythmical threats of violence in harmonious discord. Again the white-flanneled cheerleaders will shriek, growl, bark, yell, sing, spin like a top, and go mad.

And in the midst of all this din let us pause to those who have passed beyond or out, for, ere long, we too, with the final pass of the ball, shall pass thru the stadium-gate for the last time this season, yea verily we shall pass into the darkness of the deep night—pass on and on—and finally out. Amen.

WEE BURRO



"Did you hear the one about the student who fell down some stairs at Lafayette and broke his arm?"

"No."

"Well, he did."

Proud Alumnus: "Lafayette is situated on the very top of a mountain —."

Voice (from the gallery): "Yeah, that's the one big thing about the place."

. . . . And would you say the old-time organ-grinder went in for monkey business?

. . . . And then there was the Scotchman who sent his son to Lehigh because he heard the students were tight. . . .

Indignant Young Woman: "Oh, you beast, if I were in your condition I'd shoot myself."

Well-Oiled: "Lady, if you wash in my condish-un you'd mish yershelf."

THE ALUMNI RETURN

— or —

PLAY BY PLAY IN THE STANDS

Time: Time out.

Place: Game.

Scene: From afar.

Players: Three Alumni (names withheld).

Sound Effects: Alternate load and muttered "Hics".

Produced by liquor, of course (bad and otherwise).

Released by corkscrews, pen knives, etc.

Opening Scene and Heard

S-s-s-s-s-s, glug, glug, glugggggedy, glug, glug. Boy, that stuff's wild—bad night fer the sailors. Look, the kickoff—there she goes. Which team is which?

Why of course, the one on the right is ours.

Whose right you talking about?

Look, there's that guy—the little short one on the Lafayette team.

Well, what of it?

Why he played end before the war—you 'member?

Yes, that's right—which war you mean?

Hey, who the h——, oh, it's you, Slim.

Fagoshsakes, I aint seen you sinct you graduated.

And how's the ole boy?

Oh, the wife and kids is pretty well, but —

Omigosh, aint that too bad—was it unexpected?

Snif, snif—was it a military wedding?

Listen boys, ya got me all wrong.

That's all right, we feel for you.

Let's take him out of his difficulties.

Yeah, snif, let's.

Come down under the stands, Slim.

We gotta surprise for you.

A real eyeopener.

First three quarters of game elapse.

Scene and Heard Later

Hic.

Hic.

Hic.

Wash the schore bord shay?

Don't shay nuthin—jesh sets there.

Lehigh 0, Visitors 0.

Shay, who in ell's that other team?

The Visitors.

I thot we wuz playin Lafayette?

Sodi.

Sodi.

This must be another game.

Hey, we been gipped.

We wanna get our money back.

HEY, SIT DOWN, YOU SOPS.

Well, the score's 0 — 0.

They mustn't been playin.

Probably held up the game till we got back.

Yesh.

Acorse.

Shure they did.

What are they all at that end fer?

TOUCHDOWN.

Ray, ray.

Everybody takes their hat off — — — — —

Dam if I will, I lost mine.

Three flickers, hip, hip.

Flickedy, flickedy, flick — must be a new yell.

What, only 10 seconds to play?

Yeh, only 10 seconds to drink.

Bottoms up.

Toodle-oo.

Game ends sharply as stadium begins to revolve in irregular orbits. Three down, and nowhere to go. The day is won.

The Trend of the Modern Mind

(A play in two acts)

Act I.

Scene 1. — A doctor's office.

Doctor: "I am sorry to say, but you have diabetes."

Patient: "That must be impossible, I am only thirty-seven. You can't have diabetes at that early age, don't be foolish."

Doctor: "I'm sorry, but you have diabetes at thirty-seven."

(Patient goes out muttering, "Diabetes at 37, ye gods, diabetes at 37.")

Act II.

Scene 2. — On Wall Street.

(Our patient is wandering along, still muttering, and looking very downcast. He meets a friend who seems in the same state of dejection.)

Friend: "Why, Bill, what's the matter with you, you look as if you were doomed to die."

Patient: "Hell, I've got Diabetes at 37."

Friend: "Huh, that's nothing, I got Chrysler at 76."

(Ring down the curtain, that's enough of that.)

The Parked Car

The car was parked at the side of the lonely road, and as I drew near I could hear noises of a struggle within. . . . I heard a rustle as of silk, and the muffled panting of a man. . . . The body of the car swayed slightly to and fro. . . . I heard a curse. . . . Again the muffled panting. . . . I crept softly around to the side, and peered into the window and saw . . . a man trying to fold a road map as it never had been folded before.

A local newspaper recently printed that scientists have invented an earthquake detector that goes off like an alarm clock. What most of us need is an alarm clock that goes off like an earthquake!

A self-made man is like a self-made cigarette—a lot of "Bull" wrapped in a transparent case.

Shy Young Sales Girl: "Sir, could I interest you in a pair of teddies?"

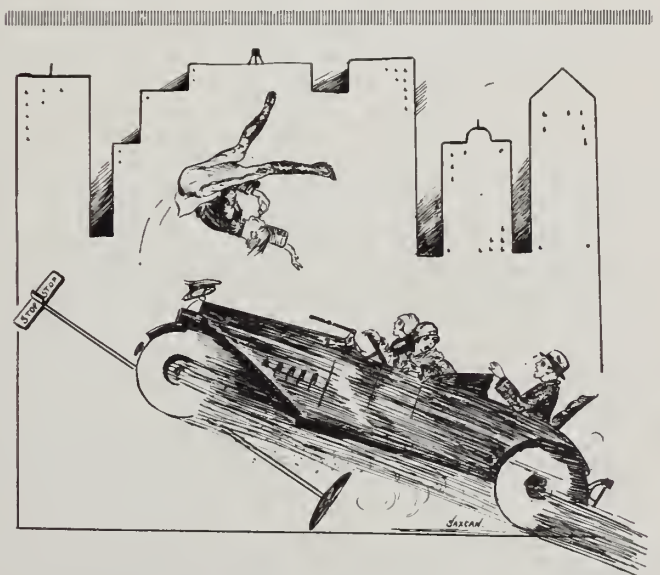
Hubby: "You certainly could."

A school magazine is a great invention,

The school gets all the fame,

The printer gets all the money,

The staff gets all the blame.



She: "You can't tell me that women drivers are careless."

JOLLY OLDE FOOTBALLE

Fromme ye greate Universatie did comme
A huskee teame in Browne aynde White.
A teame which all ye people know
Is fylled with peppe aynde fyght.

Fromme downe thee vallie yonder
Cayme an olde aynde aged foe,
To engayge in Rugby
(Just as in Englande, doncha know?)

All in an autumnne afternoone
On ye field they did meete,
Aynde ye stadium, it was packed,
Fylled was everie seate.

At last ye teames appeare,
Ye spectators go wilde,
Aged menne with whiskers long
Carry onne just like a childe.

Ye whistle blows, ye teame is offe,
Ye actionne has begunne.
Ye balle is ours, and what is more
We make a longe end runne.

A forward passe, say this is goode
Our fondest hopes fulfillde.
Ye fiede is strewne with mannie menne
Half dead or dying, but nonne killde.

A substitution, and anon,
Ye bally gayme goes onne.
A home runne or sumthinge,
I guesse a hole-in-onne.

Touchdown is ye worde in meanne
Everybodie takes ye hatte — — —
An Easton Scotchmanne dies outrighte
He loste a bette onne that.

Aynde so ye game goes onne,
Four quarters did they playe,
Ye Lehigh laddes, queere to saye,
With Lafayette runnes awaie.

Ye teame retreats downe ye vallie,
We in our gusto aynde goode cheere,
They to dreame of better daise,
Maybe to wyne nexte yeare.



"I'll never go there again."

"Why not?"

"Well, the sign read, 'Gentlemen,' and a Lafayette man entered."

Ain't It the Truth

All Lafayette men are advised to light Murads and appear nonchalant during the embarrassing moment when the Lehigh rooters swarm over to collect their bets.

.....

Judging by the canine population on the campus, we are hard put to say whether Lehigh is a dog-gone good school, or merely going to the dogs!

.....

Here's one for Ripley: Although Lehigh is not co-ed, in addition to the 1603 men enrolled last year, there were 1603 girls who received an education here!

.....

After many requests, Rudy Vallee has finally divulged the formula of his success: "I'm just a vagabond lover," he said, "sponsored by Fleischman's Yeast!"

.....

Sang the rolling-pin to the dough, "Pal, how I knead you to-night."

Burr-lesque

"Tell it to Judge," said the Burr editor, as he rejected a questionable joke.

Ode To A Freshman Headgear

I love you, my darling, like no man can say,
 You stay near me at night and on me by day;
 Though small and round-like, you're intense as
 the deuce,
 And you cover the spot e'en though a bit loose.
 When it's cold in winter, you're cozy and warm,
 And even in summer you don't do no harm;
 But—when it rains, my gawd! you don't think,
 Just stay out 'n get wet, and oh! what a stink!
 But—after casting bad habits aside,
 I'll think it all over, 'n I'm bound to decide,
 Though in nine months you'll fade and shrink,
 Yet still I'll love you, my sweetie, my Dink.

"What's the odds on our team?"
 "Every other number from one up."

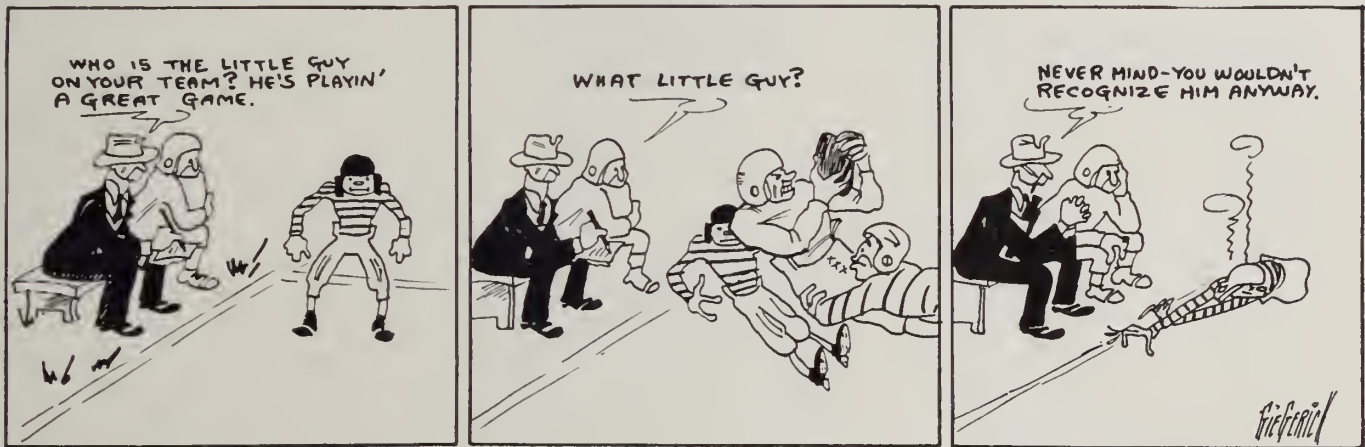
Judge: "Are you positive the defendant was drunk?"

Cop: "Well, your Honor, I saw the defendant put a penny in a patrol box and then look up at the court house clock and roar, 'Gawd! I've lost fourteen pounds'."

A Modern Simile

He's as illiterate as a Lafayette football player.

As children, they sit and they dream
 Of Lafayette's great football team,
 But as they grow older
 Their ardor grows colder
 As Lafayette blows up in steam.



But This Year It Is Different —

In bygone days, some ten years back,
 Our team would soon be on the rack
 When, 'fore Old Lafayette, they'd crack;
 BUT this year it is different — .

A Lafayette back would show his speed,
 And then our team would go to seed,
 The score would mount with each bad deed;
 But this year it IS different — .

These predictions all are based on fact,
 For Lafayette, when you are smacked,
 Will fold up badly bruised and cracked;
 For this year we are DIFFERENT — .

HOW TO BEAT LAFAYETTE

Convince Lafayette players they are in the wrong; will endeavor to do what is right. See you at the Maennerchor.

Make them mad till blood boils and trainer removes them from the game. Try to stay sober afterward.

Be nice to them and they will return it. Davidowitz scores six touchdowns. No school till Christmas.

Tickle star in ribs; gets hysterics and is taken from game. Free beer all over town.

Tell captain, he's wanted on the 'phone; run all plays around his end. Good-bye, good luck, and good beer.

LEHIGH

- A-1. MILLER Tackle
 A-2. MEYERS Tackle
 A-3. BLACKMAR Guard
 A-4. EVERS Guard
 11. McLERNON Center
 12. R. BENNETT Halfback
 13. ELKIN End
 14. JONES Halfback
 15. PINCKNEY Quarterback
 16. REED Halfback
 17. ENSCOE End
 18. VanBLARCOM Fullback
 19. LAMB Halfback
 20. HUTCHINSON Center
 22. ISSEL End
 23. HALL End
 26. BEACHLER Guard
 30. RUSHONG End
 31. OLLER Back
 35. CHESS Guard
 36. FRITTS Fullback
 37. HAAS Tackle
 40. MANY End
 41. TWIGGAR Guard
 42. W. BENNETT End
 46. BADGLEY Guard
 48. GADD Guard
 49. WARE Halfback
 53. STUTZ Center
 54. NORA Halfback
 56. DAVIDOWITZ Quarterb'k
 57. AYRE Center, Guard
 58. MOTION Tackle



CAPTAIN MILLER
(Lehigh)

NOVEMBER

LAFAY

LEHI

SCORE

	1	
LAFAYETTE		
LEHIGH		

WILCOX
right halfback

SHERWOOD
right end

COOK
right tackle

BOBINSKI
right guard

ELKINS
left end

MILLER
left tackle

TWIGGAR
left guard

NORA
left halfback

WOOF
fullback

TEPPER
quarterback

REPPER
center

McLAV
center

DAVID
quarterback

FITZ
fullback

R 23, 1929

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CAPTAIN SHERWOOD
(Lafayette)

LAFAYETTE

1. SHERWOOD End
2. BOBINSKI Guard
3. McKEAN End
4. ROTHENBURG End
5. WALLS End
6. ELLICOTT Tackle
7. MURBERG Tackle
8. WOODFIN Fullback
9. TELLIER Quarterback
10. ETTER Fullback
11. THOMPSON Quarterback
12. WILCOX Halfback
15. SULLIVAN Halfback
16. MUNDY Quarterback
17. SOCOLOW Halfback
18. VANDERBUSH Tackle
19. FUEHRER Tackle
20. EDRANEY Guard
21. GROSS Guard
22. VANDERBECK Guard
23. FISHER Guard
24. COOK Tackle
25. REUTER Center
26. ZEBRISKIE Center
27. LaVEQUE Fullback
28. LENTINO Guard
30. ANTHONY Center
31. BUGEN Halfback
32. WELDON End
33. OSMOLA Tackle
34. HANDWERG Fullback
35. LISKE Halfback
36. CHURCHMAN Halfback

SULLIVAN
left halfback

EDRANEY
left guard

VANDERBUSH
left tackle

McKEAN
left end

BEACHLER
right guard

BLACKMAR
right tackle

MANY
right end

WARE
right halfback

Well, fellow admirers of silk-encased calves, tune in and I'll give you the entire box-score, inning by inning, of the classiest brawl since the Yanks made the Hindenburg line resemble Swiss cheese. Patience, dear folks, and I'll tell all. Yep, as they say of the Eighteenth Amendment, it's all a joke.

However, we'll get on with the story anon. (punt that one!). This Concrete team was ambitious, and look what ambition did to Ceaser; poor Julie. Anyhow, this gang of cement mixers had cleaned up everything in sight and were all set to make a trip to Japan to show the wily Japs what this pigskin-booting was all about. Yep, they'd a' made the trip but for this gang from Lumber. As I says this Concrete team was full of ambish, but this stuff must be mixed with imagination, courage, initiative, ability, and brains; and brains is what they had nothing of. For instance, no matter how ambitious a silkworm may be, all it can ever hope to do is become silk unmentionables. Don't be a silkworm.

Now you tell one.

To get on with the story, Jack Fox was the big gun on the Lumber U. team and was the sweetest halfback I had ever seen; and I should know, since I have been coaching for the last—well, that would be telling, and I like to be considered young. This boy would make any coach think he was dreaming. He had a pair of shoulders that resembled the doors on a box-car. And fast, how this man could travel. One time he punted for seventy-five yards and was down under the punt and flattened the safety-man in his tracks before the ends were past the fifty-yard mark. Gargle that one for a

WOMEN AND FOOTBALL

By TEX ACKERMAN

chaser.

Jack had gone through the season without an injury and was in fine condition for this game, that is, physical condition, but his mind was nil. And that's where the trouble starts; and it all goes to prove that you can't mix women and football and still



be in your right mind. Jack was sore as a bear that had sat on a nest of bees. The poor fool was goofy over one of the classiest co-eds on the campus, and she in turn was glassy-eyed about Jack. Pull back your ears, gentle people, and get a load of this. This sweet young thing had all that the flaming Clara Bow had except the contract with Paramount. Early in the season the young beauty asked me if I would please let Jack stay out to eleven on a certain night, and when I said yes she ups and kisses me smack on the top of my old bald head. I had

to use camphor-ice on it for the next three weeks, and not from sunburn. If that girl had kissed my lips she'd a' melted all the bridge-work out of my ivories. And if that personification of heat ever blows into your town, take my advice and leave on the next expedition to the South Pole. That's the starting lineup, so take time out to wet your tonsils, and we'll proceed a bit further.

Both teams were undefeated and we had not licked this Concrete outfit for the last six and seven-eighths years. The team that won this game would win the Valley championship and perhaps the national title along with it. With Jack in the game I knew we would win; without him, well, our chances were about as good as those of Lafayette against Lehigh. But the darn sap was moping about his woman.

It all came about something like this. Jack's flame had caught the poor lad talking and making goo-goo eyes at some other distresser of men who seemed to be a campus fixture. Jack, right then and there, received the best going over since he had started playing football. She didn't say much, but oh, what she said! And she politely told him that she never wanted to see him again. If he had only known women as I do, he would have shouted with joy, but no, he got so bad that in practice he was terrible. Imagine! a football marvel going wozzy about a woman with the biggest game of the year at hand. Boy, wouldn't that jar the cherries on your grandmother's hat.

Comes the day of the big game. I had decided to start

(Continued on Page 26)



"She asked me if I liked a 'Shimmy Cocktail,' so I told her to shake it up."

Lon: "Hey, come on over, I've got a couple of hams with rye."

Jean: "Oh, I'm not hungry."

Lon: "Who said anything about eating?"

Nell: "What's the age limit for sailors?"

Belle: "Sailors are the limit at any age."

Lafayette Frosh: "Say, Jim, how do you spell Lafayette?"

Room-mate: "I dunno. Whatcha wanna know that for?"

Lafayette '33: "Well, I just wanted to tell my girl what school I was at this year, 'at's all."

I knew an Etheopian who ———

Don't apologize; I once knew a Lafayette student, too.

Wasn't the Game Great?

Stude (at football game): "Come on, Lehigh! Beat these bums!"

Lady (behind): "Oh, I do hope Lehigh emerges triumphant; don't you, Maud?"

Stude: "Come on! Touchdown on the kickoff!"

Lady: "Kickoff! Why, did somebody die?"

Stude: "Yea, somebody back of me."

Lady: "Oh, I wonder which is Lehigh; the brown or red?"

Stude: "The boys with the green pants and yellow neck-ties are Lehigh, lady."

Lady: "Why, I don't see anybody like that. Oh look, Maud, Number 2 is running with the ball. I wonder where he's going?"

Stude: "Going to get tackled."

Lady: "Oh, Maud, who's that great big fat man down there?"

Maud: "Ssh! That's the coach."

Lady: "No, I didn't say automobile. I said—"

Stude: "Come on, Chankawosky; take it over."

Lady: "Who did you say?"

Stude: "John Smith, missus, the man who landed on Plymouth Rock."

Lady: "Why, he didn't land on Plymouth Rock. He landed—"

Stude: "Yea! Touchdown!"

Lady: "Gracious! One point for the Reds."

Stude: "Whattaya think this is? A socialistic gathering? Yea! Seven points for Lehigh!"

Lady: "How did they get seven scores? Mercy, we must have come late. Look, Maud, the man with the whistle is moving the Brownies back. Oh, goody!"

Stude: "Say, lady, who'd you come here to root for?"

Lady: "The Philadelphia Athletics."

"What's your father doing, Bill?"

"Oh, he's working my way through college!"

Should the shoulder-strap on Maggie

Accidentally slip

Would the cartoon of her then be

Called a comic strip?



Preacher: "Now, young man, do you go to Sunday-school?"

Y. M.: "Oh no, sir, I go to Lafayette."

No Wonder She Was Angry

"You have a model husband," said the lady who was congratulating the bride.

The next day the bride bethought herself to look up the word "model" in the dictionary, and this is what she found, "Model: A small imitation of the real thing."

Joe Mope sez — Lehigh will be a floating university after that Lehigh-Lafayette game!

Lehigh Wins

Speaking of has-beens, I recall the first Lehigh-Lafayette game back in 9291 B. C. The game was not played until January that year, as neither team had a football. It was only after Santa Claus gave Lehigh a ball for Xmas that the final arrangements were made for the game. Lehigh had an undefeated team; it was their first game of the season.

Those were the days when winters were winters and summers were exceptions. So on Monday, five days before the game, it began snowing. It was Thursday night when the snow changed to rain and hail. Saturday was the first clear day of the week. And when they saw that Saturday was clear, the students went into the huddle system and rejoiced, for it was the day of the great contest.

The field was covered with five feet of snow, over which a nine-inch thickness of ice laid. It was the noble idea of Wayback Smythe which led our team to victory that day. He conceived and bore the idea that the Lehigh freshmen dig a secret passageway in the snow from one end of the field to the other. Fifty thousand yearlings responded to the worthy cause, and the tunnel was dug by noon of that day.

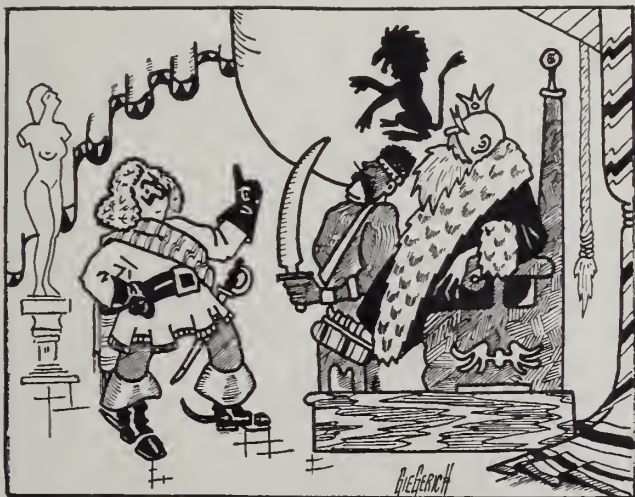
The game was a bit slippery, in spite of the fact that the ice had been well greased with axle grease from the college airplanes. Fumbles were numerous and points after the touchdowns were none. It was the last quarter; score was a tie, 360—360, in favor of the visitors; thirty-three seconds to play. Lehigh was desperate. So far they had been unable to locate the secret tunnel. It was in the last play, with an attack through the center, that Offcenter Smithi bumped his head against the ice. The great solid mass yielded, and Write Go Back Smeth, carrying the ball, was swallowed up by the great open spaces. The tunnel had been opened!!! After ten minutes of digging, the referee found Smeth across the goal-line. Lehigh had won 366—360 from the great Lafayette all-colored team.

"The odds are all on our side."

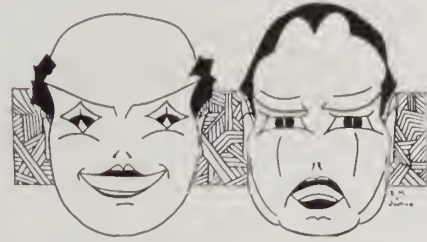
"Well, that makes it even for the others, doesn't it?"

Ode To Victory

Oh Victory, winged or otherwise,
 Where have you been so long?
 Hast been at Lafayette,
 Thou unfaithful one!
 Eight or nine years
 We have worshipped thee
 Around our bonfires bright,
 And to what avail, to what avail?
 Thou art a dumbbell, pardon me.
 Thou art at least blind,
 And highly stupid, yes,
 And fickle above all else.
 Beware thy fate,
 And thy scholastic rating!
 Can it be thou hast flunked out,
 And could not make the grade
 And thus to Lafayette hast fled?
 Shame upon thee.
 Come back and learn,
 For there is yet a chance.
 Thou art so dear, so much cherished,
 We might o'erlook these failing years.
 Let us slip thee the advanced dope.
 With us or not, we're gonna WIN,
 Save your rep, and here abide with us,
 For years to come, years to come.



Sirrah M'Liege! We have met the enemy and
 they are hours—hours—hours behind us, but still
 in pursuit.



"Let's drink a toast to Lafayette!"

"Hey! what ya drinkin'? Orange blossom?"

"No! Castor oil!"

AT THE GAME

Girl's Side Line —

Oh, say, did I tell you about the MARVELOUS time I had last night? Well, me and my boy friend took a l-o-n-g ride in his new roadster, and he said that I was the most wonderful girl he had ever met, etc. —

Gee, I like your hat. Did you just get it? I don't like Jane's dress AT ALL, do you? It's so terribly cheap and common-looking, and all that make-up she uses. She looks like a regular chorus girl, and yet the boys have a terrible crush on her, etc. —

Oh, isn't he grand! Did you see him make that wonderful run? His hair curls up so cute, too, and his eyes are so dark, etc. —

TIP TO THE BOYS — Play football and win the admiration of the FAIR SEX.

Were you at the dance last night? I met the cutest man. He was a MARVELOUS dancer; so tall, so good-looking, etc. —

Boy's Side Line —

Betty, did you —

\$!)-&..# "@..!%* these women. A fella can't get a word in edge-ways.

Nothing worth mentioning.

"So Jones doesn't play on your ball team any more?"

"No, he's married, settled down, and is a father of twins."

"I see, he has a bawl team of his own."

A FOOL THERE WAS

She makes 'em put the dimmers on,
This classy Jane o' mine;
And boy, she shakes a wicked knee,
A stepper all the time.

I'm goo-goo over all her points,
Ain't found her equal yet;
And she's the cat's pajamas, too,
The berries you can bet.

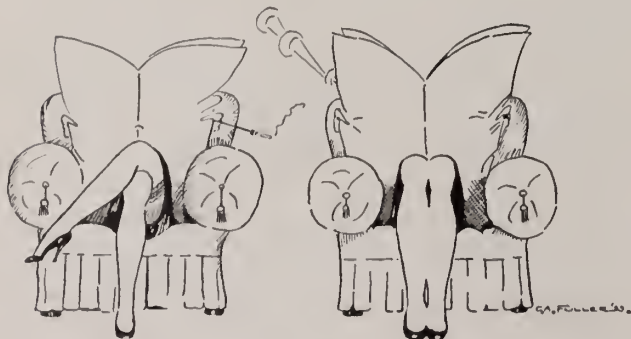
She's snappy and she's got the dough,
She shakes it half the night;
She's not a veal or one-way kid,
She's got the goods all right.

She's full of pep and snap and go,
That ritzy little muff;
Although she's not a snuggle pup,
At neckin' she's hot stuff.

But what's the use of blowin' off,
I'm goofy now for fair;
She's gone and hooked another sap
And given me the air.

ADVICE TO LAFAYETTE'S TEAM

Never kick a man when he's down — he may
get up!



"Omigadd, I hear the Bethlehem lads won the
Lafayette fracas."

"When will they rebuild the city?"

A FOOTBALL GAME

"Football," did you say? Well, I guess I do know something about it. The other day in school they were talkin' about football. I was thinkin' there's a lot o' use makin' so much fuss about someone carryin' a ball across a white line. But every day you hear sompin' about it from every corner, so I decided to go to see one o' these games.

First place, when I wanted to go into the thing they call bowl, they said to me, "Where's your dollar, young man?" I sure did give 'em a wither-in' look when I sez, "Humph! even hafta' pay money to see a lot o' guys dressed up like scarecrows kick a piece of pig 'round a field; reminds me of a side show at the fair." Anyway, I was kinda' curious, so I gets a dollar and gives it to 'em. Right after I get in my seat, a couple of funny-lookin' guys starts jumpin' around, and everybody starts to yell, "Hoo Rah, Hoo Rah, Ricka Chicka, Yow." I sez to the guy nex' to me, "Are they recitin' an Eyetalian poem?"

He busted out laffin' right in my face and sez, "They're givin' a yell."

"I knew they weren't whisperin', Smarty." Believe me, that shut him up. Then some guy comes out on the field and makes a noise like a cop's whistle. Two dozen guys line up; each one musta' had a place marked, the way they knew them spots. I asked this farmer beside me who the whistler was, an' he sez, "Why, he's the one your refur to." Now the whistle blew again, an' one of the guys kicked the ball, an' another guy grabbed it and started to run. A couple other guys starts hittin' some other guys, an' I thought there was gonna' be a fight. And I sez to a guy, "Why don't they leave them get at the guy with the ball instead of spillin' them and save time?" But no, they hada throw the ball every direction an' fight for it for about an hour. By this time I decided they wasn't any of us in anybody's tryin' to put that ball over the line where no one could get it. For, as soon as one guy would take it and start to run, all the rest jumped on him and wouldn't let him do anything. Finally, one of the guys did put the ball over the line, and right away they started yellin' in English, "Team! Team! Team!" And I asks where the team is, and one guy says, "Out on the field, are ya blind?" I glared at him, an' then showed him how dumb he was, I sez, "Why yes, I noticed they were runnin' like horses after the ball."

After the game I offered the man you refer to to put the ball over the line, and he hit me with it. Anyways, I had a good laff even if I didn't understand the game till the end, but I just learned how dumb some people really are. I'm goin' to the next game, and I wish some of youse would come along and see how they kick a poor dead pig around the field.

HOW LEHIGH-LAFAYETTE FOOTBALL TICKETS ARE ISSUED

They take your hat-size, age and favorite color to find if you ever went to college before. Then they inquire how many chapters your fraternity once had, make you work a problem in spherical trigonometry, get your opinion on tariff, and after two more hours in line they say, "We can't give you standing-room if you haven't an athletic book!"

Post Mortems

Lissen here, Hot Date, no li'l ole broad is goin' make li'l Charley say that wasn't one great game! Li'l Charley knows now that it's a batty idea to get into the wrong cheering sections, but you know, Lovey, you wanted to sit on the Lafayette side 'cause they had such pretty outfits on their band. An', lissen here, Hot Date, what did you do all during the game but gape at those Lehigh cheerleaders as though they were John Gilberts. Ya see, I don' mind takin' you to football games, but you don' seem to understand that it's a man's game, Lovey, and — well, what's a man gonna do?

You say I don' love you anymore, Lovey? You oughta know ole Charley better 'n that. Jus' 'cause I run off the mouth, you say I quit gettin' all a-tinklin' over you — well, what's a man gonna do?

English Prof.: "Jones, correct this sentence, 'The liquor what the man bought was soon drunk'."

Bright Frosh: "The man what bought the liquor was soon drunk."



GOOD TO THE LAST DROP!

"Be yourself," said the flapper as Lon Chaney gave her the glad eye!

.....

And then there was the modern lover, who pleaded his case so eloquently that she was finally moved to divorce him!

.....

Although you have my heart, dear girl,
There must be some mistake . . .
For if you really have the thing,
How can I feel it ache?

.....

There are men who scorn the mighty seas,
And laugh at the blizzard's snow;
Who brave the storms in the Hebrides,
Yet respect a maiden's "No!"

Sam: "Why do you call Mary a silent belle?"
Bill: "Well, you see, it's like this; I kissed her the other night and she never tolled."

One Week-End

Hello, Gang! The last time I was here I promised you a little story about a traveling salesman. Well, I can't tell you the story. Oh! it's so sad; you know, one of these stories where the husband didn't go away for the week-end. And I guess I'll have to tell you about one of my week-ends. Boy, it sure is some story! You know, one of my moments is another man's week-end, and how!

Instead of going to the Rutgers game, I went home; yeah, and I went home Friday. Well, that night I went out to one of the boys' homes, and one of his sister's girl friends was there. What a woman! This girl was gifted with so much beauty that she made Cleopatra look like a bale of hay. She had that big blue-eyed innocent look that makes any boy's heart go pitter-patter and wish that he could begin all over again. She was a very entertaining young lady, and when I left for home I was walking on air. I had a date for the next night. Boy! I was all goose-pimpily with anticipation.

The big night arrives. I dashed up to her house, and the front of it looked like a traffic jam. I entered, and what a sight met my eyes! A party was beginning to begin. However, the young lady nonchalantly lit a Lucky Strike, grabs me, and off we go for a ride. In my mind this was the nicest ride I was ever going to have, and believe me it was the ride. I wonder why the city didn't give me a free ride with a couple of cops. She said, "Let's go out to the Blue Moon." Well, when we got there the entire gang from her house was there. But she was nice, Oh Yeah! A couple of mugs grabs her and I gets the wide open ozone. Yes sir, she was clinging to these guys like the tights on a Follies girl. Oh! could this baby punish the gin department? Bottoms up and it never wet the tonsils. And the way she was dressed. Her gown displayed more curves than binoculars show on a Swiss railway. And talk, this girl sounded like a convention of W. C. T. U. secretaries. Boy! what a gift of gab she displayed. She could drink you drunk, sober, and drunk again. All the time I was thinking what a sap I was being. And she can dig more metal from a college man's pocket than three steam-shovels could extricate from a junk man's scrap pile. But as always, after the lull comes the storm, and I really can't tell you about that, but Heaven help the poor boy who doesn't make port.

After all, you decide, what's the use? Your mother spanked you, a girl makes a fool of you, and your wife will boss you. Well, I finally loaded her into the old coupe, she did all the cooing, and I did all the paying, and took her home, said good-night, and resolved never to be stung again. Sh, I'll let you in on a little secret. I'm bringing the same girl to the Lafayette game.

Astronomy Student: "Has anything ever been discovered on Venus?"

Prof. (whose mind has wandered): "No, not if the pictures of her are authentic."



House Party showed that there were a lot of thermo-couples,—the more thermo, the better!



L. U. Stude: "I'll bet you a dime on the big game."

L. Stude: "Sorry, can't do it, — but thanks for the compliment."

Lots of football games inspire us,
We should rise to heights on high;
And departing leave behind us
Half of some poor devil's thigh.

Joe Mope says that Lafayette's a funny school;
instead of classing their men as freshmen, sophomores, juniors, and seniors, they name them as ends, tackles, guards, etc.

It: "What's the difference between booze and boos?"

At: "Well, booze for an athlete before a game produces boos after the game."

Suspence

Five yards to go! Would he make it? Only a little more time left! I had my money on the favorite this time, thank God! He's almost there! Can he make it? He can't fail now! Ah! at last he has the last inch behind him! Another record has been broken! Another Long-Distance Sausage-Eating Champion has been crowned! Hell, here they come to take me back to the padded cell. (Exit)

A star halfback was helped to his feet among the cheers of the crowd. He looked dazed, but managed to ask, "Who—who kicked me?"

"That's all right," replied the Ref., "it was a foul."

"A Fowl, Hell, it felt like a mule to me," came back the angry retort.

School Girl (home for a vacation): "— And, mother, imagine my embarrassment when the conductor put me in a car full of Lafayette students."

THE DROPKICK

(With apologies to Casey At The Bat)

Things looked black for Lafayette that day
The score was 7-6 with but two minutes yet to play
"My God," McCracken cried in pain
Is there no one who can save this game,
Then a lowly sub rose with a cry
Put me in, Sir, and let me try,
I'll boot that ball between the posts
And stop this crushing Lehigh host.
Regarding him with tear-dimmed eye
The coach replied, "You're young to die,
But if in spite of all I say,
You still are sure you wish to play,
Go in there, lad, and don't forget
You're fighting for old Lafayette."
Then out he raced upon the field
To do or die, but never yield,
While the quarterback in accents quick
Called out the signal for a kick
Our hero stood there straight and tall
With hands outstretched to take the ball
And the rooters steeped in silence stood,
Was there a chance to make this good?
Then came an overwhelming cry,
The pigskin sailed across the sky.

.

Now somewhere there is happiness,
And men with bankrolls thick,—
But there's no joy or gold in Easton,
For our hero missed that kick.

(Continued from Page 18)

Jack, for I thought that a few seconds of football would bring him back to normal. What a mistake! The best halfback in the country looked like he was playing with boxing-gloves on his hands. His punts were short and his tackles could have been improved upon by a blind man. Three minutes after the kick-off he missed a tackle, and the Concrete back ran thirty yards for a touchdown. The try for point was good and the score-board read: Concrete, 7; Lumber, 0. Still I didn't take the boy from the game. I thought the score would put life into the team, and it did, all but Jack. Concrete kicked to us, a short kick, and Jack fumbled on the twenty-yard line. It seemed like years until he recovered the ball, but he was stopped in his tracks. I took him from the game. The teams see-sawed up and down the field and the half ended with the ball on our five-yard line, first down. Boy! I could have kissed the man that invented watches.

The second half started with a bang. A Concrete back took a punt on his thirty-yard line and raced seventy yards for a touchdown. I was fit to be tied. If I had had a certain young lady in front of me what I would have told her would have been nobody's business. Women, bah! Frequently, I glanced at Jack. He sat staring at the ground, not interested in the game. I felt sorry for the lad. Wow! Imagine a hard-boiled football coach feeling sorry for a love-sick halfback. Try that one on your zither.

The third quarter ended with score 14—0. The last quarter was only two minutes old when our rivals scored via the field-goal route. Gentle readers, what I was saying about women

would have made a sailor's parrot blush with shame. I had asked the young lady the day before if she would talk to Jack, and all she said was, "Well, I may consider it," turned and walked away, presenting me with the most beautiful cold shoulder this side of the Arctic circle. Someone remarked, "Eight minutes to play."

I looked at Jack. Some overgrown racoon coat was handing him a piece of paper. He unfolded it, read it, jumped up, and came rushing at me. I thought I was about to be massacred, the light that was in the lad's eyes. But all he wanted was to get in the game. Did I put him in? You can bet your last quart of Scotch I did.

When the boy went into the game, Concrete had the ball on our three-yard strip, first down. On the next play Jack hit the ball-carrier so hard that he bounced ten feet away from the ball. Jack scooped it up, and down the field he tore, ninety-seven yards for a touchdown. Yessir people, Charley Paddock on a motorcycle couldn't have caught the lad. Five more minutes to play and the score 17—6. Our try for the extra point was short. On the next play Jack took the kick, another short one, and started down the field. Tacklers dove at a hole in the air, others hit him and bounced off, some he knocked off. He was finally stopped on Concrete's twenty-yard line. On the next play he took a short pass and sprinted twelve yards to score again. Again we missed the extra point. There was so much noise in the stadium, I couldn't hear myself think. I told you these Cement men had no brains, and they didn't. The next kick-off came straight at my girl-crazy halfback, and it took six

men to stop him on Concrete's forty-yard line. An end run, two line bucks, and a forward pass, and six more points hopped on the score-board. The extra point was missed, but it was curtains for Concrete, 18—17. We kicked to them. I told you about Jack's speed, gentle readers; well, when the ball dropped into a cement-pusher's hands, Jack was there. He hit that guy so hard that another football player separated from the ball. Jack was on his feet, picked the ball up, and it looked like another touchdown. Wow! the darn sap started running in the wrong direction, and he couldn't be stopped. Boy, it sure looked black for dear old Lumber. Five yards from our goal-line he turned around and started in the right direction. How that boy did step! Two men hit him; one stayed down, the other got to his feet and then flopped. Fifteen yards further on two more dove at him, but it was only his shadow. The other ten men on our team also got the bright idea and began forming interference. But a Concreteer broke through, and two yards from the goal-line he dove at Jack, got him, but it was too late. Jack was over and so was the game. I was anxious to know what was on that slip of paper.

On the way out of the stadium I asked the lad what had happened. He took off his helmet and handed me a note. I read, "Jack, dear, I love you.—Betty."

Try that one on your piccolo.

It all goes to prove that co-eds pep up the campus, add color to a football game, and make the Junior Prom what it is; but they should eliminate football men from their extra-curricular activities. That's my story and I'll stick to it.

1st Neck: "Why, Marge, you are limping?"

2nd Armful: "Yes, coming to think of it I am, but you know these Lafayette guys were always a little fresh."

Preacher: "Now, young man, do you go to Sunday-school?"

Y. M.: "Oh no, sir, I go to Lafayette."

With the "Eagles," the "Old Red Cow," and the Leopard at Lafayette, Easton has the makings of a very fine zoo.

Morris G. Snyder

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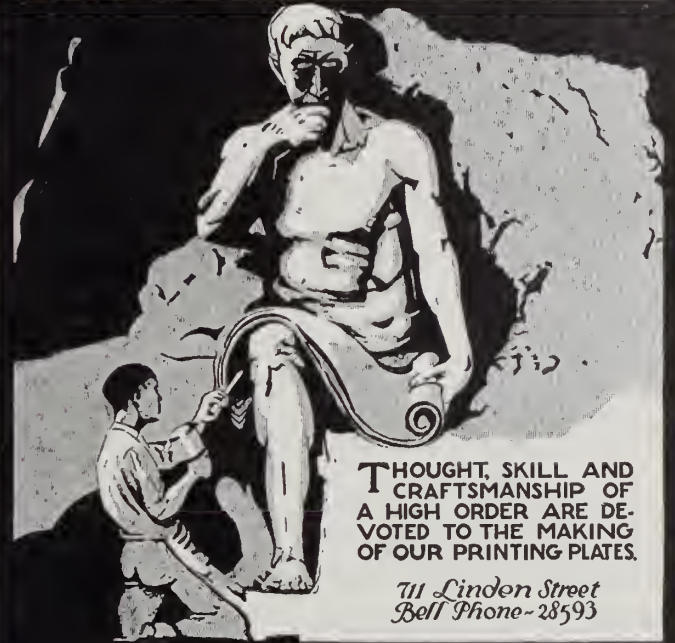
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Sanders-Reinhardt Co. Inc. Photo - Engravers



ALLENTOWN, PENNA.

They met on the bridge at mid-
night,
But they'll never meet again,
For the one was a dink-less
freshman,
And the others some Lehigh
men.

(Author's note)—The follow-
ing to be the label of a picture
of two Negro preachers:
HOLY SMOKES!

"I wanna make the college
comic. Do I have to have my
material well worked up?"

"No, just have a few rough
ideas."

KOCH BROTHERS
ALLENTOWN'S LEADING CLOTHIERS
 CENTRE SQUARE

We strive constantly to
 present the sort of

APPAREL for YOUNG MEN

that is in complete harmony
 with the refined tastes
 of the well-bred
 UNIVERSITY MAN

Exclusive Distributors for
 HICKEY-FREEMAN FASHION PARK DOBBS HATS
 KUPPENHEIMER ADLER-ROCHESTER
 MANHATTAN SHIRTS

He: "Do you like football?"
 She: "Oh, I just love football."
 He: "And what do you like about it?"
 She: "I love to watch the bell-boy mix drinks
 out of cracked ice and lemons during rest periods."
 (Wampus)

Co-ed: "That's funny—the new skirts are call-
 ed 'Directoire'—that's French for directory."
 Ed: "Sure, main points of interest shown at
 a glance."—(Pelican)

"You say a German threw a hand-grenade at
 you?" gushed the slim young thing.
 "Yup, he did, the dirty bomb," rasped Sergeant
 Eadie.—(Voo Doo)

Sign displayed over dance hall in Gold Rush
 days — "COME EARLY, BOYS! GET 'EM
 WHILE THEY ARE HOT."—(Vmi Sniper)

"Do college girls tend to make good wives?"
 "Don't know—but college men sure do tend to
 ruin many possible ones."—(Vmi Sniper)

I may not have a little fairy in my home, nor
 a little miss in my motor, but I have a little made
 in my cellar.—(Vmi Sniper)

Little Sally Saucer,
 Sitting in the water,
 Crying and weeping —
 Get up, you damn fool, you're all wet.
 (Purple Parrot)

HOTEL BETHLEHEM
FIREPROOF

Offers Lehigh Students'
 friends and families
 hotel accommodations equal to that
 found in the largest cities

**Our facilities are the best for class and fra-
 ternity dinners, banquets, etc.**

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 MACHINE COMPANY**

General Founders and Machinists

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 CEMENT MILL MACHINERY
 "WEDGE" ROASTING FURNACES

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Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

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Suits with Trousers or Knickerbockers

Prompt and Careful Attention is Given to Orders
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*Send for Our New Illustrated
GENERAL CATALOGUE*

BRANCH STORES
BOSTON
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NEWPORT PALM BEACH



© BROOKS BROTHERS

Angry Frosh (to insulting Sophomore): "You had better not call me that name again, even if I am one. And, besides, your father's a traveling salesman, and I might be your brother."

(Bison)

"That big party I was on last night wasn't so very good."

"That's bad."

"Every time he laughed, I fell off of his knee."

(Kitty-Kat)

Frosh (during Freshman Week): "The moon, the stars, the mountains, the girl—ah, what a combination."

'33 (female): "Gracious, is that showing again?"—(Froth)

Rye: "When I get married I'm going to darn my husband's socks, cook for him, do the housework, greet him when he comes home at night, have his slippers and newspaper ready for him, and fill his pipe. Could a husband expect any more?"

Gin: "Well, sometimes he might."

(Punch Bowl)

Fred: "You should have seen Mable run the half-mile last night."

Alfred: "What did she run it in?"

Fred: "I don't know what you call the damn things."—(Desert Wolf)

The
Bethlehem Globe
Times

A REAL
HOME
NEWSPAPER

BOOTH PHONE 9244

MAX'S SMOKE SHOP

127 West Fourth Street, Bethlehem (So. Side), Pa.
(Two Doors Above Post Office)

First Stude: "Say, I hear your old man nearly died with rheumatism last winter?"

Second Stude: "Yeah, he went to the doctor, and all the doctor did was to put him in a tub of hot water and charged him a 100 dollars."

First Stude: "Did he cure him?"

Second Stude: "Naw, just soaked him for a 100 bucks."

First Ditto: "What's this about airplanes carrying dogs?"

Second Ditto: "-Haven't ya heard?-Airdales."
(Don't shoot, it may be your daughter.)

Mopey Joe says — Friday is one of the seven unlucky days to get married on.

Nurse: "You are a father, sir, guess who it looks like."

Excited Father: "My gosh, do I have to do that?"

AMERICUS HOTEL

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LARGEST AND NEWEST HOTEL
IN THE LEHIGH VALLEY

325 ROOMS - 325 BATHS

Large Main Dining Room, Grille, Moderate-Priced Cafeteria,
Private Dining Rooms, and Large Ball Room.

Saturday Night Dances - Rainbow Room

E. D. FOWLER, Manager

THE MEALEY AUDITORIUM
ALLENTOWN, PA.

DANCING EVERY
Tuesday - Thursday - Saturday

Here lies the body
Of Cecil McRand,
He yelled, "Fight, Lafayette!"
In a Lehigh stand.

"Y're plastered!"
"Sh, Finklehimer's the name."



Only the smartest Dinner Clothes will do:
that means

SOCIETY BRAND

When you choose your evening turnout, you'll
want the smartest dinner suit to be had.

This season—as in seasons past—that means
SOCIETY BRAND.

Our new selections are ready.
Faultlessly tailored—utterly correct in cut.

Tom Bass
MEN'S WEAR

FOURTH AND NEW STREETS

His Girl Friend (admiringly):
“How in the world do you make
up your jokes, Mark?”

Mark Twain: “I sit down and
laugh, and then think back-
wards.”—(Virginia Reel)

“Really, Mrs. Shovelhead, your
argument with your husband
last night was most amusing.”

“Wasn't it, though! And do
you know when he threw that
axe at me I thought I'd split.”
(Juggler)

“Your hair needs cutting badly,
sir,” said the barber.

“No, it doesn't,” retorted the
student. “It needs to be cut
nicely. You cut it badly the last
time.”—(Mugwump)

THE NEW

Wee Tea Room

Mrs. Blanche Dorsey, Prop.

320 BROADHEAD AVENUE

Bethlehem, Pa.

Meals and Refreshments Served

STUDENTS' MEAL TICKETS

Twenty-One Meals for \$8,

for One Week.

HOW TO BECOME POPULAR

She: “I would like to get into
the movies.”

Producer: “Well! Well! Sit
right down and take off your
things.”—(Cornell Widow)

Advice to Freshmen car driv-
ers: Keep your eyes, and not
your hands, on the curves.

“What do the little birds do in
the winter?”

“The same thing that the big
ones do in summer.”

“How does this one strike
you?” said the prize-fighter as
he hit his opponent in the eye.

FINEST LINE OF

Christmas Cards

NOW ON DISPLAY

Your name engraved from old plate
or new plate made.

Also raised printing (imitation engraving).

Quinlin Printing Co.

317 SOUTH NEW STREET

Printers of “The Lehigh Burr”

“I'm all fagged out.”

“What, no more cigarettes?”

Somebody said that the Ma-
roon line is a “holy terror”.
(It's holey all right!)

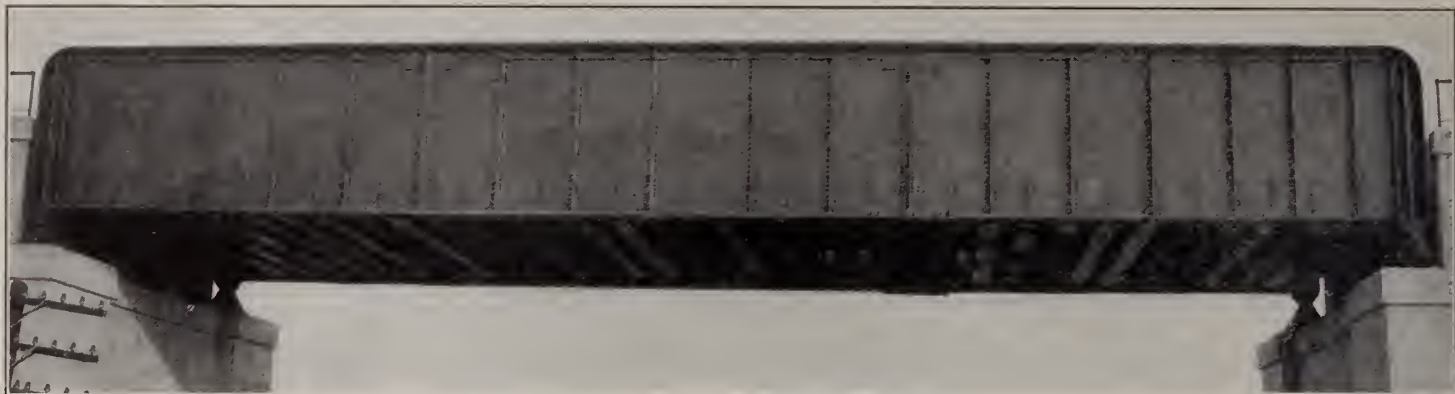
“My uncle followed the horses
for ten years.”

“Bookie?”

“No, white-wing.”

1st Blotto: “Once I hadda
beard like yours an' I looked in
a mirror an' then I shaved it off.”

2nd Ditto: “Well, I hadda face
like yours an' I looked in a mir-
ror and I grew the beard.”



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R. W. KNIGHT	'94	LESLIE ALLEN	'16	W. R. STEVENS	'26
G. R. ENSCOE	'96	W. A. CANNON	'16	R. R. WEAVER	'26
C. M. DENISE	'98	J. N. MARSHALL	'20	V. I. VARGA	'27
T. L. CANNON	'03	J. H. WAGNER	'20	C. F. CLASS	'28
E. F. GOHL	'07	G. L. GAISER	'22	R. A. CANNING	'28
F. U. KENNEDY	'07	C. S. SATTERTHWAIT	'22	R. J. ALBRIGHT	'29
R. MacMINN	'07	J. F. MOYER	'23	G. S. ENSCOE	'29
		I. F. KURTZ	'23	J. B. REILL	'29

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Rau & Arnold

TAILORS

MEN'S WEAR

Braeburn University Clothes

FOURTH AND VINE STS.

PHONE 3532

Teacher (seeing Johnny standing up): "What's the matter, Johnny, haven't you a seat?"

Johnny: "Yes, I have a seat, but I haven't any chair to put it on."—(Voo Doo)

She: "I suppose you are on the football team?"

He (proudly): "Well, yes; I do the aerial work."

She: "What is that?"

He: "I blow up the footballs."

(Lafayette Lyre)

Indignant Wife (to incoming husband): "What does the clock say?"

Semi-plastered Husband: "It shays 'tick-tock,' and doggies shay 'bow-wow,' and cows shay 'moo-moo,' and little pussy-cats shay 'meow-meow.' Now ya shatisfied?"—(Flamingo)

...on the lot it's **ACTION!**



...in a cigarette it's **TASTE!**

"EASY TO SAY, hard to do." Easy to claim everything for a cigarette; not so easy to give the one thing that really counts: *taste*.

Hard to do—but Chesterfield does it. Sparkling flavor, richer fragrance, the satisfying character that *makes* a cigarette—because, in every step, we aim at taste...

"TASTE *above everything*"



MILD... and yet
THEY SATISFY

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FINE TURKISH and DOMESTIC tobaccos, not only BLENDED but CROSS-BLENDED

“The ease of sportswear in a formal, handsome collar—that’s what made Golden Arrows a certain success.”



FOR they *are* more comfortable—that’s the net of it.

More comfortable because they’re light as a feather—literally—and because they’re starched so as never to cling to your neck—and because they’re as easily flexible as your neck itself.

Golden Arrow has very definitely and agreeably *arrived*. If you like sales charts, you can have figures. But Arrow has an idea that you prefer to step into your outfitter’s and just say “Ardsley”—or “Hampton”, or “Hempstead” (That’s the style in the picture) or “Lenox” or “Ostend” or “Sudbury” and march out with a collar that will slide your cravat like silk-on-silk—a collar that looks as well as it feels, and feels as well as it looks—a collar that pays your face a clean compliment always—and a collar that, though weighing less than $\frac{3}{4}$ of one ounce, outwears any other starched collar by more than one-third!

Golden Arrow Collars are 35 cents each, 3 for \$1. Arrow starched Collars are 25 cents each; \$2.75 a dozen.

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